

Come And Get The Gift
Come And See The Gift
Come And Hear The Gift
Come And Taste The Gift.

Anthony A. Bono



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CYCLE

In Spring daisies quiver in the breeze
As ripples paint the lake with patterns

Icees cascade down the garden fence
Like a lavender waterfall

Tiny yellow flowers bloom
In the crevices of the path

And there is peace —

In Autumn the daisies are limp and trampled
And the lake is stagnant and choked with death

The fence is entangled with grey spiny fingers
That no longer reflect the beauty of life

Leaves have buried
The forgotten path

And there is not —

In Winter the shadow of the daisies is hidden by the snow
And new patterns are imprinted in the pond of ice

The simple gate stands transformed
Now a palace door of icicles and frost

The footprints carved in the snow
Are etched with the silver of the moonlight

And there is hope —

Roman Reflections

Glance upward
And angels and lambs
Will guide you to a world of patterns.

As you pass through the portal
Absorb the reflections of wonders
And you will rediscover the outer images.

Silver and crystal
Define your position
As you continue along the path.

Although rarely seen,
Stripes and swirls
Will appear through azure spectacles.

With painted pebbles
In your pocket
Run through the pouring rain —

All the while remembering
That these reflections
Can be found whenever you seek them.

The Sun

Black child, make your way
Black child, may come better days.
Shine on, black child.
But, shine on with pride.
From the days of slavery, you have derived.

Fear not the right, black or white
Fight not those who call
Your blackness an ugly sight.
Shine on, black one —
Your blackness is right.

For your shine
Is a shine of hope,
Shine of happiness,
Shine of joy!

You shine for a new tomorrow.
A new life.
Shine on, Black Boy!

Donyale Ryan





Sin and Soul

Sin and Soul!
That is what I'm told
Every blackman possesses.

Hurt and fear,
You can find them here.
This too the blackman possesses.

Soiled with sweat
And full of regret
You can find it here.

Lost in faith,
For the past cannot be erased.

Sin and soul!
Is what I'm told.

Donyale Ryan

Something More

Gonyale Ryan

Through the long and bitter years,
Lord only knows those burning tears,
Tears that describe the hurt they bore.
The scars from the wounds showed the pain they endured.
But still, still they had something more,
Something more to push them along.

To chain their bodies
And break their homes.
Things like this would break the common man's soul.
Still they stood, and they stood alone.
Very few willing to help them along.
Yes, these were men, but men they were not.
They were saw, but they were not seen.
Shattered always were their hopes and dreams.
And to what, what extent could be their dreams?
Yes, to walk, to walk and breathe with ease
Was Freedom! Freedom!
The extent of their dreams!

Ah, but yet! Yes, there was something more,
Something more to push them along.
It had to be something stronger than a dream.
It had to be something stronger than a walk.
It had to be something as strong as
FREEDOM itself!

It could not be broken.
They would not let it die.
Yes, generation, after generation.
It helped us to climb the economical,
Social, and educational ladder high.
Yes, this something, this something,
Helped us to get by.
This something — this something —
Had to be our PRIDE.



Me

Born in the ghetto
Lived in the slums
Reaching for hope, finding none.

Toiled at work
I had no joys
No childhood
Filled with children's little joys.

Hate the sweat
And every single damn day,
Afraid someone might get hurt
Just by rubbing me the wrong way.

Caring less of what I do;
Not giving a damn of what I've become.

Born in the ghetto
Lived in the slums.
That's why I don't give a damn
About what I've become.

Donyale Ryan

Cast In My World of Rejection

I stand alone
My thought my own
In my world of rejection

Torn between
This blackman's dream —
My world of rejection.

Cast away!
My mind is said to be
Introverted this day
So bitterly I'm cast away

Valuable, my beliefs to me.
Cast away —
I've chosen to be
In my world of rejection.

Donyale Ryan

PATTERNS OF SEDUCTION

Red Wine

Warm velvet softness
Confront tortured palm
Cause streams of red wine
 flowing
From the vineyards of God.

Flash-flooding the cells among
The palm's range
Arousing within, strong will
 for response
Obscure are the zones of pleasure.

Edgar Allan III



Anything you sometimes do
Now.



You will always, do,
Forever.



And, ever hear a baby
Cry?



She knows her mother's lost,
Forever.



Lift your head up high
She'll change the violent storm.



A Baby's Lament

EDGAR ALLEN III



Man



As a young man, I
in a dark, industrial
setting, I was
working in a factory.

How many years
I have been
working in the factory
and in the field.

For many years, I
have been working
in the factory and
in the field.

For many years, I
have been working
in the factory and
in the field.

For many years, I
have been working
in the factory and
in the field.

For many years, I
have been working
in the factory and
in the field.

For many years, I
have been working
in the factory and
in the field.



new york 824



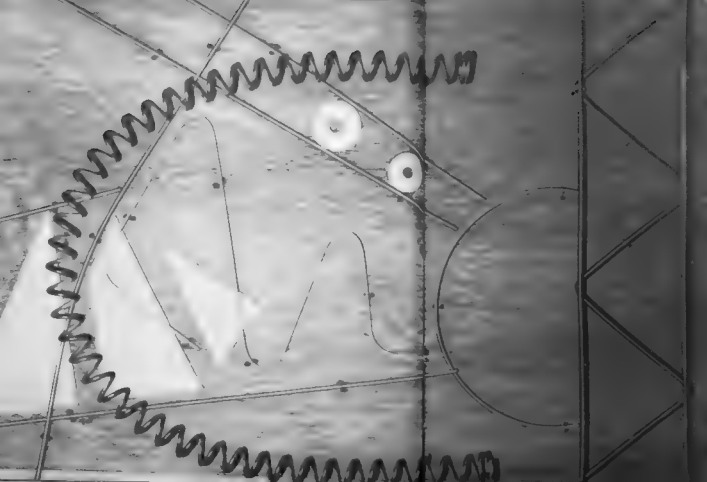
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Nursery Song

To an Old Friend



The Bridge Top
The Sea The Sun the
ME

Stan Jarka

Trees

The trees of the world are a vast and varied group, and their study is a most interesting one. They are the backbone of the forest, and their life is a most interesting one. They are the backbone of the forest, and their life is a most interesting one. They are the backbone of the forest, and their life is a most interesting one.



Daybreak On A Farm

A Sparrow¹ es toward t

* Dog barks unknowingly at it

The proud roster crow's to welcome 1

Then the only farmer

Т. И. И. Л. 1992

Can

Thine own messengers of God

Inspiration

Never an Su
The Day The E id St
And let Me Ob f ma
For what Left T Day
Tims

And The Trees Will Heal
They Are Breathing
Surprising Amounts of Air
Lifting Their Leaves High
To Stretch High To The Sky

In Only One Epoch

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The Birds Fly High

The . . .

Extend. wings elevated

name of

△ 研究の目的と意義

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a. content analysis

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Birth

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POEM



A Different Music



LIKE D.H. LAWRENCE DUG FLOWERS

for
 never know
 which day
 it will be
 the flowers remind me of a boy and dear old woman
 and your gestures
 that ground me never to me down
 the other times in grief you stop
 because this is to hear you in your silver years
 but I can't hear it
 somewhere is the time
 I satisfy something

the moon floats in the sky as the other says he says as he says
 that's a man that I find the whole thing comes together in which is
 big purple owl and they are drink nobody knows

then let's go together you and
 and let the sky ponder her own problems
 and let a possible way upon her mind
 who cares
 don't

it knows that can't take a ghastly cry

am. Why not?

spirit water
 who is st. de pres?
 why when i go to bathe
 john. some frenchman

that lucious sinking feeling
 and the shadows on the tub

then all of a sudden you
 start realizing and fading
 that other feeling
 proud chest (indian secret)

philosophers skin of skin
 skin, the skull, hair

the natural
 worthy internal

constellations
 of sensation

occultism
 spirits

total meetings
 the indians

before the white man

america

see magic

present



1. The first thing I noticed

on board was the smell of the sea.

It was a mix of salt and something

more... I don't know what it was.

It was a mix of salt and something

more... I don't know what it was.

It was a mix of salt and something

more... I don't know what it was.

It was a mix of salt and something

more... I don't know what it was.

It was a mix of salt and something

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It was a mix of salt and something

more... I don't know what it was.

It was a mix of salt and something

more... I don't know what it was.

Uncontrolled Experiment

The War

The war was a long and hard one. It was a war of attrition, a war of nerves. It was a war that lasted for years. It was a war that cost many lives. It was a war that changed the world. It was a war that we must never forget.

— Winston Churchill

The Last Unusual Embryo

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Of Procrastination & Proof

My eyes were closed

in sleep

and I was not aware

of the light

and the sun

My eyes were closed

and I was not aware

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Turned-off Telephone Blues

My eyes were closed

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and I was not aware



Of Occident & Incident

Where be sickness
 if not here

How look naked
 if not bare

When be time
 if not now

Which be quest on
 if not how

What keeps mind
 if not free

Who breaks chains
 if not me



Peter Cocuzza

ANGELA

Writing

Question upon Question . . .
Little upon Great-ness . . .
Ass upon shoulder
Peace upon Hope .
Killing upon Killing . . .
Blood upon Nothing . . .
Nothing upon Knowing-ness . . .

Today and Saturday

Walk three Blocks . . then
fall to your right
Kissed by the wind which
didn't come

Superman Returns

Gray
Herding the moon-child.
Smile.
Six animal-like people — naked
Never hearing . . .
Never Question . .
Darkness Darkness Darkness
Then Blue
Touching Aurora.

Prudence Stay

I have just about completed my life
A month ago two years
Smoke drifting down
The New York Times speaks
Enter the goat.
Then pinks and blues
Return not . .
Completed — nay
That, that comes, will not yet see the light.

Homer vs. Sagittarius

Baroque
How I Knew them
not . . .
A peering Flash
Flemished lines . . .
Passing the moon
With thorns around .
Herds.
Of animals winging
Homer away .

M. RODD

I Have Arrived

The obvious is yet not the most impossible
But the impossible is yet the most obvious.
The speeding rocket landed upon the rainbow
Of the untouched with sinner impossible dreamer.
Of any hope of
Arr.ved
Destination here

Crystal Revisited

Noise, Hell with it. Noise, Say the word
And you'll be noise as me!
Noise, just imagine and it's all over . . .
The coming of the dawn . . . the ending of
Five years . . . from the Sun to thy feet . .
Noise . .
Just groove on it . .
Just let it start!
And then . .
And then . .
And then . .
CRYSTAL!

John

Man walks alone with
such hope
Appeared the moon, covered in pink . . .
Completing its wonder-parted path
That we died You
can appear
The great blue appearing
star
with
shining.

CRYSTAL

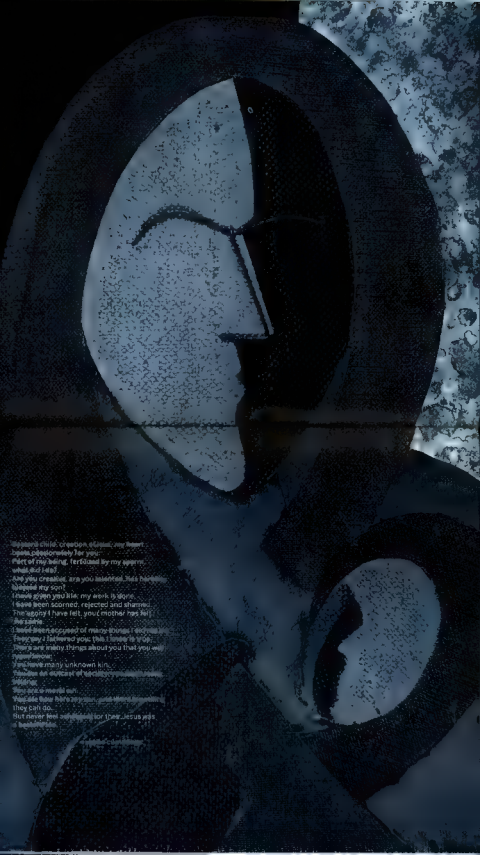
Once ago, I can't really remember,
But I'll try
Once ago I was a small child with
no wonder of the world outside of mine.
I remember very little of my years as a so
called teen-ager; Times were really hard
Now that I'm told I'm an adult with nothing
but a small crystal
Once ago . . . I was a child.

Proxy. Proxy. 1984

Here, as time just passes away,
Crystal, it all starts
Sounds of the past
Come with such a great
insight now!
Sounds of the present
just don't happen!

[illegible]

1993



My dear child, creation itself, my heart
beats passionately for you.
Part of my being, fertilized by my sperm,
what did I do?
And you created, are you talented, this handsome
bearded son?
I have given you life; my work is done.
I have been scorned, rejected and shamed.
The agony I have felt, your mother has felt,
for you.
I have been accused of many things I do not do.
For you I suffered you (the I know is true).
There are many things about you that you will
never know:
You have many unknown kin,
I have an outcast of a family, many friends,
many foes.
You are a world cut.
You are like the angels, and like the demons,
they can do.
But never feel ashamed for their Jesus was
a descendant.

nsayson et y De J
T eprints

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Andw kks Tr y
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To Hell with Bell Tel



To Thee: Jus' Anna?
Jus' Muse?

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Early 1970s

Only now did it come again
And without a doubt was true

And I once again heard the children
All trust and have good faith

Melody Lane

Children playing through the day
Whose faces and voices denote so much of care
Years — yes, flowers, celebrate our pride

All are the things which stimulate Spring

Melody Lane

Photo Essay
David Crooms













For no

She slips gently through the dawn
to feel into night
A spent life new with darkened glow

But the forest knows and sighs
in a poetic pattern of a sigh
Among the shrubs the hunters hide

The creature weaves beneath the trees
and the woodsman leaps
A woodsman leaps a woodsman grasps
and to the fight engages

But he is the hunter
and the hunter is the prey
into the stygian hue

But when the hunter turns his head
in the direction of the light
he is the prey

The creature is the hunter
and the hunter is the prey
she comes as if to pray

When she is the prey
and the hunter is the prey
And kindly carefully checks his horns
and mingles to him

It is then that he is seen
in a darkened glow
And deepens in that dark veneer
is a creature that is no man

He sees a bright light
in a fathomless depth and with a hundred faces
is a creature that is no man

In caverns deep and far
that express himself in a bygone
of a creature's story

The hunter knows he understands

and leave her naked on the stage
Eternal ambivalence tears inside
wracks with euphonic might
Emotions and rationally conflict
As the morning dawns the morning sun
soon reveals the light
The hunter is the prey
in the dust is the woodsman's bow

Cowman

Man

Man walks upright a protrusion above the so
A creature that is no man
a creature that is no man
Like a fungus that feeds on whatever it can
and bacteria that decays whatever it will

A solitary figure travels through the settling dust
Evening

And a sidesplitting grin and unceasing

Of what that something is he is unsure
he has handed much that has
come into view

And found then only momentary

And so
Man walks on
Man progresses
Man looks around
Man feels the new
and wonders

Two moments cross
Two single ones spy the other
and anger

Emotions arise but a they know is their own
hope and despair

They do not see the face
They can not fathom the depths
They cannot understand the flesh

So
Hate arises
Misunderstandings bubble
A legend ensues
and a

Through the darkness comes a man
He is spent and just as others have walked
So he struggles through the thickest dust of the way
And just as others he also comes to know little
And so he dies and rots
And his ashes mingle with the dust of the road
to correct on the feet and stiffle the wings of the next man
who comes that way

Babes

My arms are shackled tight
Pray loose my bonds this
I may serve you with my might
I worked and worked on those thick chains
and finally set him free
And then he did get on his knees and bowed
My head was big my heart was cold
idly commanded in the end
Spend not your time in worship here
but pay me dividend
At this request he brought me gifts
my eyes could not believe

He brought me things from everywhere
but the castles high
But one bright day realized was
Prometheus save my fee pray
and I set you free
He turned to me with saddened eye and could
pay my fee
He had no gift no last gift
of immortality

Cowman

JOY

[illegible][illegible]

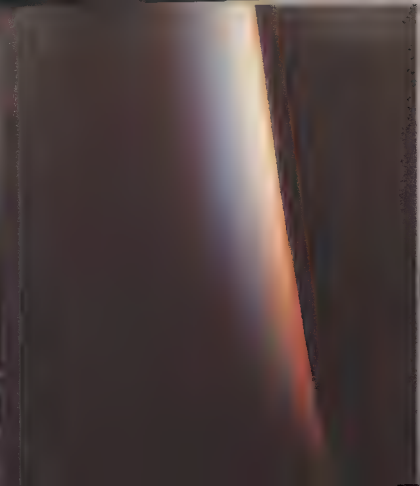
T he grade steepens and my chest is no longer snowed by the falling water. I walk easily and exhale on my spent legs. I am in the upper half of the field of extraglaciation, marked by a few dead black spruce and a few alpine trees scattered along my headwaters.

The TDP has also been used by the Department of Health and Human Services as a tool to assess the impact of various health care policies on the availability of health services.

[illegible]

interview, appeared as if he, completely, was not. My body was slowing down, but my mind could not move outward. My heart seemed to beat in new rhythms, which I seemed to have received from the camera. I wanted to stay for ever and catch his happy eyes. I looked down and - I hit the screen with care and love. This was - my path and they said the word to my heart that day.

7. He was d. go. he suddenly waked back to
 he for. why it he's y. and o's t. and be
 8. obrevis. he mending is only aware of
 a ready. on the d. my. a d. term. ed
 9. m.





Notice of Age in Autumn

The windowpanes drowned by the wind

The leaves shattered against the roof
The seconds all battered by indolence
As the flash hit my ears in a painful pool

To know

don't understand why
I don't want to stop
I don't seem to draw me out
He said I should
The wall paper thin
In through the rain

Sun, Cloud and

The sun rose
A cloud passed out
It ran around with me
Looking for something to see

The sun was overhead
And it could have
Sweated a sweat or
Ran around my body
Down to my sock

The sun fell down
And it covered the event
In autumn, see the sundown
Cause of the thing in the way
So, went to bed. Bye Bye

The Day Standing Dead

This day was with
Cold standing
Which was
Picking up the leaves of fear
Which way is the wind going?
How much does it cost?
Here you are, I want to go along
Give me my ticket

The hour was strong
I was hanging in my for
Words, hanging in my
Dipping in, you hear it, it's a loss
Which day was the song playing
You don't know, you're leaving you say
Why am I always sitting alone
Maybe, should be standing

And a ways the same ending
I stand, where should be standing
Not in the park, not in the garden
Not in the street, not even what in
Can't stand, where in street?
My stand, why is it dead
Lying against the wall, repair
Heaven is open, he's shouting
But he's gone, his soul is no longer in
He lost it
When he pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket
It fell in a hole
He took some paper off the street
And he laid in the hole so it never got out

Are you happy in street? Mister
He's hearing gone
Wonder how long he's been this way
Well, got to find a hole, and the end of the day
Is almost here
Can't stand in here anyway

1. The first part of the report discusses the general situation of the country and the progress of the work during the year. It also mentions the results of the various committees and the work of the different departments.

2. The second part of the report deals with the financial situation of the country and the progress of the work during the year. It also mentions the results of the various committees and the work of the different departments.

3. The third part of the report discusses the general situation of the country and the progress of the work during the year. It also mentions the results of the various committees and the work of the different departments.

4. The fourth part of the report deals with the financial situation of the country and the progress of the work during the year. It also mentions the results of the various committees and the work of the different departments.

5. The fifth part of the report discusses the general situation of the country and the progress of the work during the year. It also mentions the results of the various committees and the work of the different departments.

6. The sixth part of the report deals with the financial situation of the country and the progress of the work during the year. It also mentions the results of the various committees and the work of the different departments.

7. The seventh part of the report discusses the general situation of the country and the progress of the work during the year. It also mentions the results of the various committees and the work of the different departments.

8. The eighth part of the report deals with the financial situation of the country and the progress of the work during the year. It also mentions the results of the various committees and the work of the different departments.

9. The ninth part of the report discusses the general situation of the country and the progress of the work during the year. It also mentions the results of the various committees and the work of the different departments.

10. The tenth part of the report deals with the financial situation of the country and the progress of the work during the year. It also mentions the results of the various committees and the work of the different departments.



Wednesday's Dream

A voyage would I take,
if only for the sake of greed?

No.
I'd choose to stay.

For love means more than selfishness,
and complex pleasures cannot compare with simple joys
that were created for all to share.

I will not submit now,
or when the ship embarks again.

For this selfish journey
cannot reward the good,
which should be understood
before this sacred skimmer to somewhere
leaves this place we now call

"Here"

Marilyn

In this complicated cluster of reality
Which has taken

and All Beauty

Destroyed it.
Can there be something still left untouched?
Something pure and simple

and Unaided by technology?
Something as Bright as the Sun,
as sparkling as a rain drop

and As natural as a flower?

Can there be
LOVE?

Marilyn

Empty

A crowded room filled with empty people
With empty souls I know will never find me
And empty hearts that do not feel my pain
With empty smiles that try to crawl inside me
And empty mouths that only speak in vain
With empty minds that barely understand me
And empty hands that touch but never reach me
And empty ears that do not hear me crying

Marilyn

The trees stand in rows,
as the people come to see and hear
of the world that was before.
They laugh and joke and talk of nothing,
as the reality of the past
tries to project its truth.

Stay and understand this sin of humanity
and accept this small gift of beauty
that nature sadly offers
in compensation of what was lost.

Marilyn Speziale



The Sun On Thursday That So Many Missed

Pink sun against a blue sky
dipping through a cloud
getting higher.

Birds flying round
hearing the sound
of the water
rushing to meet the minds of those on the shore.

Rainbows playing in waves
making patterns almost too magical to believe
as the sun still rises
and sheds its brilliance across the sky
giving
not only light
but life
to the world.

Marilyn

Faith

By Peter Cocozza

My strength
Has seen the
End before my
Eyes could make
Concept of the
Formless seconds
Appearing in
Definite shapes.

My soul captures
The fear that
My mind can but
Recognize.

Perception's game
Overrules and
Shames —

Reception's reign
Cannot help
But bring
JOY.



Shapes of Things

As the embodiment of our aesthetic philosophy, the title of the Essex County College literary magazine identifies the works within. The poems — shaped by images, meter, rhyme, and metaphor; the essays — shaped by prose styles, research, and structure; the art work — shaped by the hand and tools of the artist; and the photography — shaped by the eye of the photographer are the realizations of ideas and emotions which cry out to be formed, to be articulated, to be communicated. And so, the magazine includes the shapes of emotions tempered by intellect and created out of discipline. From these shapes, the reader might learn for one may study the shapes of things in order that he might know them as they are; and one may study the shapes of things today in order to comprehend their evolution from the past and their development in the future. Indeed, one need but look to see the shape of Man.

Newark, Essex County College
Misc.

NOV 30 1973

